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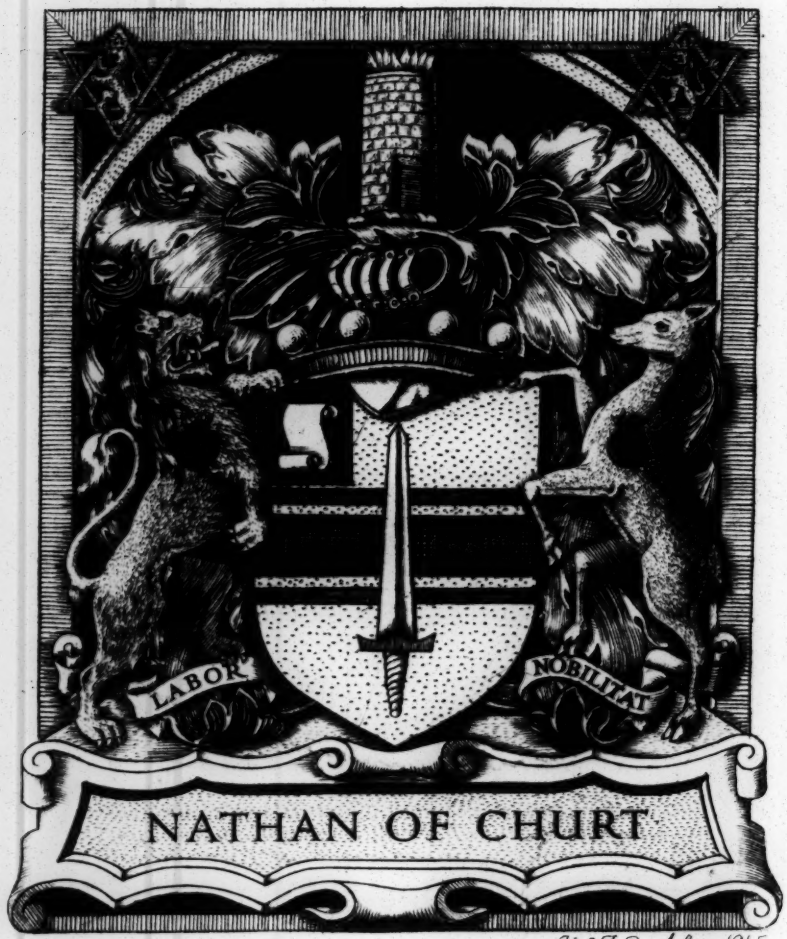

H J F Badeley 1945

Coll JRB
hd lines just slowed

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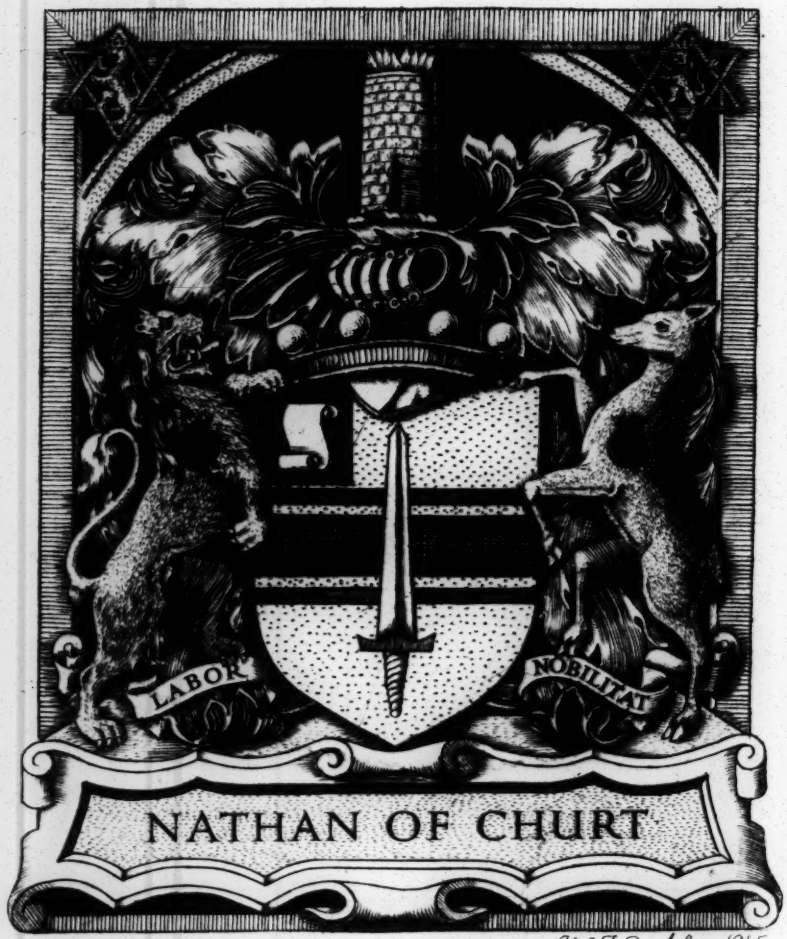

H J F Badeley 1945

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Avaritia coram Tribunali:

OR,

The Miſer arraign'd

AT

The Bar of Scripture and Reaſon;

For his ſinful neglect of Charity, in this preſent lamentable and dreadful Viſitation

Of the

PLAGUE.

By a Gentleman that loves Men more than Money.

Let your light ſo ſhine before men, that they may ſee your good works, and glorifie your Father which is in heaven, S. Mat. 5. 16.

He that ſoweth little, ſhall reap little; and he that ſoweth plenteouſly, ſhall reap plenteouſly. Let every man do according as he is diſpoſed in his heart, not grudgingly, or of neceſſity; for God loveth a cheerful giver, 2 Cor. 9. 6, 7.

Sen. Hoc habent Homines cum Diis commune, ut aliis Benefecerint.

London, Printed for *Elizabeth Calvert*, and are to be ſold at the Black-ſpread-Eagle, at the Weſt End of S. *Paul's*. 1666.

London, Printed for Ellis Cook, (dwelling) and are to be sold at the
Black-Spread Eagle at the West end of St. Paul's. 1666.

Avaritia coram Tribunali :

OR,

The MISER arraign'd at the BAR OF SCRIPTURE and REASON.

IT is no news to persons who have delighted themselves with the pleasant and profitable conversation of a Library, That the World is so imperious a Critick, that the first thing an Epistle commonly presents the Reader, is, A complemental Excuse for troubling him. Importunity of Friends; surreptitious Copies; to spend my idle time, or gratifie my good friend the *Stationer*; & other such-like Sconces (commonly built to defend Castles in the Air) are the hackney Defences against the Rustick Battery of Ignorance, and her Daughter Impudence; of Detraction, and her Mother Envy. But the best friend to such pretensions, is a Socratical Ingenuousness; *Erubuit salva res est*; The young Blade blushes, and all is well: Let not the morose melancholy of a Study put in Interrogatories, Shall friends seduce a man a degree or two on this side a Phrensie,

to run the Gauntlet? How many have you known *tam curtæ ſupellectilis*, ſo ill furniſhed as to want Trunks ſufficient to contain their own Papers? *O Tempora! O Mores!* Is not Idleneſs the Fools Largeſs? and do Grocers and Cooks want waſte-Paper? *Sed non tibi notus Ulyſſes*; there's a ſetch for applauſe beyond all this, A pretence of Publick Good, which avoyds many ſtrict examinations, with that ordinary Certificate, *Bonum quo communius, eo melius*; and indeed this Apology (when the Chaff of Hypocriſie is fann'd away) is the Chriſtian Author's compleat Armor, whereby his devout Thoughts are left invulnerable, not onely againſt pragmatical Cenſure, but Principalities and Powers, and all the ſinful works of Darkneſs: and how can popular breath, though never ſo ſharp and impetuous, force him to an ignoble flight, who (through Gods diſcriminating grace and favour) has reſolutely fix'd the Eye of his Diſcourſe upon his Creators glory, and the benefit of his Neighbour; which word under the interpretation of an unbyaſs'd Conſcience and ſincere Heart, is as comprehenſive and univerſal as Humanity it ſelf? *Feciſti Domine Cor propter te, & irrequietum eſt donec perveniat ad te*, ſaid the holy Biſhop of *Hippo*. Give me *Aquinas*, take you *Scotus*; give me *Ariſtotle*, take you *Des Cartes*: Does a Pen trace *Galen*, or ruffling *Paracelſus*? yet the *Laconian Ti* may ſerve to anſwer King *Philip*, and ſcoff all tuggers at the Quill. If your endeavours prove fortunate, then

Digito monſtrarier, & dicier hic eſt:

This,

This, this is he, ſtretch'd-out fore-fingers tell,
Writ that brave Piece which ſold ſo wondrous well.

But not a few learned Men could I ſummon in to teſtifie how skittiſh our Age is, how apt to ſtart, how apt to ſtumble; ſo that *Irrequieta eſt Penna tua, donec perveniat ad Deum.* All ſublunary Tranſactions have no other Inſurance-Office then the Providence of the Almighty: when his Honour and Service are the Marks levell'd at, then we quickly diſcern it to be true Philoſophy, that the whole Earth is but as an indiviſible point, compared to the Heavens. What matter who derides? what matter who reviles? canſt clap thy Breſt, and talk in *Apelles* ſtrain, *Pingo Eternitati*; then (in the Scripture-Language) gird up thy Loins, and be ſtrong; the Fountain of Goodneſs can never turn Bankrupt; and that by S. *Paul* inſures thy Barque, at leaſt to the Port of everlaſting Happineſs, 1 *Cor.* 15. 58. *Therefore, my beloved Brethren, be ye ſtedfaſt, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forſomuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.*

When the deſtroying Angel brandiſhes his Sword over our *Jeruſalem*, and the Peſtilence has already ſhot in many terrible and barbed Arrows of Divine Vengeance; certainly he muſt have very little ſenſe of his own Offences, and the whole Nations both Crime and Puniſhment, that can't afford a ſigh, a tear, and *God be merciful unto us, for we have ſinned.* When many thouſands have died ſince *April*, 7496 is found at the foot of the laſt Weekly Bill; and many, very many

of

of their lives might have been preſerved (as a great Bleſſing to their Relations) if *rich men* were but *Men*; if they would but *live* till they *dy'd*; not deſerve *Hic ſitus eſt*, an Epitaph a long while before the Mourners go about the ſtreets. It can't undoubtedly be accounted unprofitable ſpending my hours on this inſtant Faſt-day (the ſixth of *September*) if I plead in *Forma Pauperis*, and voluntarily undertake *Timothy*'s hard task, 1 *Epiſt.* 6. 17, 18. *Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor truſt in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who gives us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to diſtribute, willing to communicate.*

I ſhall not be ſo magiſterial, as to affirm this and that particular ſin was the root of our Thorns and Briers, for I am none of the Sons of *Aaron*; nor if I were, ſhould I preſume to ſnatch my faint and glimmering Candle out of the dark Lanthorn of ſilence and obſcurity, when our holy Mother the Church has advanc'd her Torch in a neceſſary, pious, ſeaſonable Exhortation: Yet ſince People count it as it were cuſtomary for their reſpective Miniſters to perſwade Contributions; and Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver, may want their due reverence with the many, by reaſon of unwelcom reiteration; it will be no diſſervice to the Pulpit, if they find an Eccho in a Countrey Receſs: and poſſibly ſome or other may mind it, introduc'd with theſe circumſtantial conſiderations, That 'tis good will to all in poverty and woful perplexity, and not either ſelfiſh-deſign, or home-bred caſualties, that form the rebound.

We will begin our Memoyrs, by taking notice that little

Children (who can't be ſuſpected for *Machiavilians*) are accounted of good diſpoſition by all, when they are willing to part with this or that triffle they may be call'd Owners of. By this we may eaſily conjecture what humane Nature is, before it be eſtray'd too far from Innocencie, and has drunk too deep of the *Marah* of bad Education and evil Cuſtoms. At mature years, Noble Houſe-keeping is the characteriſtical Letter of Generoſity. What more apt or uſual expreſſion, than to call a covetous Perſon, *A narrow Soul*; and, as one tartly expreſſes it, *fit to live nowhere but in an Ally?*

Can a ſerious and deliberate Head give Commiſſion to his Tongue to call *Veſpaſian*, The Darling of Mankinde, and yet forget the uſual Sentence that dub'd him ſo? *Diem perdidi: My unlimited Soveraignty, my tranſcendent Glory has not diſtill'd upon my Subjects any reviving ſhowers of Grace and Munificence; I have loſt this day. The men of Nineveh* (ſayes our ever-bleſſed Saviour) *ſhall riſe in Judgement againſt this generation, and condemn it*: And do ſober Chriſtians imagine that the High and Mighty Monarch of the diſcover'd World ſhould bewayl the loſs of twenty four hours, for fear of diſpleaſing burniſh'd Braſs, and carved Wood; and he not call'd to a ſevere account by the Ancient of Days, for bringing forth nothing in it, may be more then four and twenty years, but drouzy Poppy, inſtead of the ſtaff of Bread; ſowr Grapes and wild Olives? But admit that even according to the Pſalmiſts Arithmetick, your foot be not yet in the Grave, and decripped Age is by moſt deſigned for the ſtall of Repentance; yet you cannot convict your

ſecurity

ſecurity by the Verdict of a wiſer than *Solomon*, *Eccl.* 11. 9. *Rejoyce O young man in thy youth, and let thy Heart chear thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the ſight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all theſe things God will bring thee into Judgement.* The Angelical Doctor obſerves, That Death is a more treacherous Enemy in ſurpriſing youth by ſtratagem, ſtealing upon them unawares, when their Backs are towards it; than to the grey-heads, whom it charges on the front; and the dimmer their eyes be, the better they may diſcern a Coffin: the more cauſe they have to cry out, *O curva ſenectus*, O ſhrinking ſhoulders, O feeble knees, the more is the Grave obvious, and conſequently might be rendered more familiar. May a ſpring of warm blood full of ſpirits, by three or four fits of an Ague, be ſadly metamorphos'd into ſhivering *December*, a pale Cheek, a dull Eye, a ſoft pace, a reſtleſs Bed? Can a Feaver (even without the help of an univerſally-deſtroying putrefaction of humours) ſhake off golden Locks (thoſe beautiful leaves of the *Arbor Inverſa*) ſcorch up the radical moyſture, baniſh the poor Creature into the land of forgetfulneſs, and make an humble Turf the diſhonourable Coverlet of an Airy Gallant, of a rare-accompliſh'd Monſieur? And can Summer, Autumn, Winter, expect fairer uſage? Can they that have enjoy'd a large Eſtate many inches of the longeſt ſpan of Life, conceive it not yet high time to make friends of unrighteous *Mammon?*

We need not deſire a Legat *Kekerman*, to repair to his beloved *Dichotomie*, about diviſion of Eſtates; they may logically enough to our purpoſe be ſaid to come

come by divine Providence: but nevertheless it will not be amiss to keep the road, and take for our fellow-travellers *Descent* and *Purchase*.

He that has digg'd himself thirty or forty years together in the golden *Peru* of Profit, should do very well to consider whether his hands be not dirty; whether the Widdow and the Orphan, this weak Brain, and that credulous Tenant, Clyent, Customer, have no just cause to complain of his gripes; though perchance not well vers'd how to remedy themselves: If so, how fence you this blow of the Casuists, *Without Restitution no Salvation?* Delay not, unless thou art content to endure the gnawings of the Worm of Conscience at thy dissolution, when Horror and Amazement cry out, *Hast thou found me, O mine Enemy?* Nor could that suffice the converted Publican *Zacheus*; he restor'd four-fold to heal the wound of Extortion, and gave half that he had to the poor, to prevent a scarre. If the pamper'd flesh turns a deaf ear, and the deceitful World searches Hell for distinctions, carry them both to *Tho. à Kempis* Cell; *Durum est verbum* (saith he) *tolle crucem & sequere me; sed multo durius, Ite maledicti in ignem sempiternum:* 'Tis an hard Chapter, *Take up your cross and follow me*; but 'tis a far more intolerable, *Go ye cursed into everlasting fire.* Are you beholden to a rich Ancestor for those Rivolets of Milk and Honey that bedew your condition? then God has given you Press-money in hand; and a superabundant gratitude engages to manage your Stewardship with fidelity, and to imploy your Talents with an industrious Zeal. Rising early, going to Bed late, in conjunction with the Bread of carefulness, are strangers to

your Birthright: Would you ſtand idle in the Market all day long, and that after you have received your penny? God gave you not Honour and Wealth to furniſh a magazine for rebellious vices, blacker in the eyes of Heaven, then any Ink can render their names. Deceitful, diſorderly, and exceſſive Gaming, put the preſent Parliament (in the ſixteenth of our moſt gracious Sovereign) to the trouble of an Act to reſtrain it; from which it is evident that one hundred pound was before look'd upon as nothing to loſe and run upon the Tick at a time; *Diſcinctis nepotibus*, with my extravagant young Maſters: one time might be one minute; but ſhould one of thoſe A-la-mode Quakers, or Shakers, give ſo much in ſeven years to the relief of the poor and afflicted, he would not to be ſure change *Soul take thine eaſe*, but inſtead of *Thou haſt goods laid up for many years* (for that were a Sarcaſm of his own inventing) would laugh in his ſleeve, and hug the phanſie, that he had done good deeds enough for many years, yes even for *Methuſelah*'s 969. But all Eſtates are *Dominica Coronæ Regis Cœleſtis*, belong to the King of Kings; His is *directum Dominium*, an abſolute and uncontrollable Regality: the Poſterity of *Adam* have onely *utile Dominium*; ſo that we may truly ſay, not onely, *Lord, thou haſt made us, and not we our ſelves*; but, *Lord, our Inheritances are thine, and not our own. The Earth is the Lords, and all the fulneſs thereof*: this Lump of *Clay* he has made a Veſſel of Honour, that of Diſhonour; ſome fit objects of *Charity*, and others his *Almoners*. Aſk a fellow as abſurdly prodigal as a certain rich Citizens Heir, (whom ſome alive remember a petty *Prince* in the morning of his Age, and a deſpicable

ſpicable *Beggar* before noon) who for fear of a ſurfeit of *Wealth* made Ducks & Drakes (in the Childrens Bable) with Six-pences, Shillings and Half-crowns, in the *Thames*; or a fellow as ridiculouſly covetous as he in the *Comedy*, that ſtop'd the top of his Chimney for fear of loſing the ſmoak, few of either Herd will deny that *Solomon* ſaid true, *The lot is caſt into the lap, but the whole diſpoſing thereof is of the Lord*; or that of *Job*, *The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away*: but depraved Nature muſters up Quirks to avoid the Statute *de Donis conditionalibus*, in the Bible; and will by no means allow, that *voluntas omnipotentis Donatoris, ſecundum formam in charta Doni ſui manifeſtè expreſſam obſervaretur*: That the intent and good pleaſure of the omnipotent Donor, plainly expreſſed in thoſe ſacred leaves of his revealed Will, ſhould be punctually obſerved: a moſt clear and ſignificant *Precept* take from *Deut.* 15. 7,8. *If there be among you a poor man, of one of thy Brethren, within any of thy gates, in thy Land which the Lord thy God giveth thee; thou ſhalt not harden thine heart, nor ſhut thy hand from thy poor Brother; but thou ſhalt open thine hand wide unto him, and ſhalt ſurely lend him ſufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth.* *Deut.* 26. 12,13. about the third years tything: will you have a comment? read Dr. *Hamond*'s Sermon: I ſhall quote little from him, and what I do, leave it like *Eſops* provident Fathers Treaſure in the Vineyard; who told his Sons it was hid there, but ſaid no more, on purpoſe that they might dig and ranſack every foot. After that eminent Doctor has prov'd *Charity* to be like a *Picture*, looking upon every one that comes into the great Room of the World; he kills the Bugbear of old Age, and the *Pa-*

tron of *Covetousness* against the most laudable disbursments, namely, the fear of want; by asserting *Davids* Doctrine in several pious inferences: *They that give unto the poor, lend unto the Lord; and he will repay it.* To whom first? To the Houshold of Faith: Where chiefly? To our Neighbourhood, before places more remote: When? Whensoever we meet with an opportunity; or by a prudent separation of this and the other Sheaf of our Revenue, are inabled to seek one. But let his own words administer advice against the spirit of Slumber, that *Chyragra* of the Worldling, as to Eleemosynary Land-marks: *The proportion to be observed by the Christian Almes-giver, to speak at the least, must be more in any reason then the thirtieth part of his Revenue or Increase. Non magna loquimur, sed vivimus*; He preach'd no more than he liv'd; nor so much neither: for he gave the tenth part to the Poor constantly, besides the spring-tides of his extraordinary tender-heartedness and compassion. I wish we could all as easily imitate his Life, as procure a Treatise so called (a Piece of strong lines, and good complexion) But if ever ye desire to converse with the Saint, as well as visit the Shrine; trace him by his own Counsel, Offer unto God the Sacrifice of a contrite Heart, and the sweet incense of universal Obedience.

The necessities of Men, trivial Follies, and that great one, Perverseness, have produc'd a multitude of cases in Law, of unlike features; so that 'tis not to be expected a Maxim should knock down every particular occurrence with a *Thomas Aquinas* fist, *Concluſum est contra Manichæos*; that the Rule should ascertain positively either the Affirmative or Negative: But from general

general Gounds and Eruditions, a learned Inference, a ſmart Deduction, muſt ſtate the matter in agitation. VVe have in the Goſpel Line upon Line, and Precept upon Precept, to command us to put on Brotherly Kindneſs, and the Bowels of Compaſſion; but ſhould we disband our Vantguard of direct and demonſtrative Texts, the proceedings of the day of Judgement afford Inſtructions clearer than the Sun in his Mid-Summer-Glory, and printed in ſuch Elephantine-Characters, that whoſo runs may read them, S *Mat.* 25. 35. Giving Meat to the Hungry, Drink to the Thirſty, Lodging to the Stranger, Cloaths to the Naked, Viſits to the Sick, Redemption to Captives, are aſſigned as the reaſon of that triumphant Invitation, *verſ.* 24. *Then ſhall the King ſay unto them on his right hand, Come ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.* Leaveing *Pharaoh* and his 600 choſen Chariots at the bottom of the Red Sea, *Ahab* and *Jezebel* to the Dogs, *Judas* to his Halter; great and notorious Sinners to exemplary puniſhments here; (although Thunderbolts kill not often) or at leaſt unleſs the generation of Vipers repent, and fly from the wrath to come, to the horrid and racking expectation of the ſecond death: come hither harmleſs well-meaning Chriſtian, gather the bitter fruit of Omiſſion, and diſſect the barren womb of Holineſs with this Inſtrument, *verſ.* 41. *Then ſhall he ſay alſo unto them on his left hand, Depart from me ye curſed, into everlaſting fire prepared for the Devil and his Angels. Watch and pray, for ye know not at what hour your Lord will come*: but it is evident what our Lord will ſay when he does come to judge every man according

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ding to what he has done in the Body, whether good or evil. Wise Virgins know the Bridegroom loves the Oyl of Mercy; they will upon no terms shew such want of civility and vulgar manners, as to have their Lamps to light, when he passeth by; especially since the fire of *Charity* devours not the unctious humour, no more than the Prophet *Elijah*'s Hunger emptied the Widow of *Zarephath*'s Cruse. Fear of a consumption of the Purse, through that excellent and successful Phlebotomy, is routed by the heavenly Host of Promises: Questionless that inexorable Gluttons partner, *Luk.* 16.19. who treated the Brute his Carcase sumptuously every day, has onely *Animam pro sale*, a Soul to keep his Body from stinking, till Death locks up the Purple in the Wardrobe, allowing onely the fine Linen of a Winding-Sheet, and then serves him up to the Worms; must at last change the frolick Scene to weeping and gnashing of teeth. The sooty fumes ascending from an impure stomach, causes the brain to want sweeping, the whole unprofitable mass to want evacuation; from whence naturally arises stupidity and unactiveness, and then stirring about, and yawning:

Pleno laudat Jejunia ventre:

The Churle is cramm'd; his Parasite cannot carve
One tempting bit: Steal Poor, be hang'd, beg, starve.

But there will come a time, or rather an eternity, when *Lazarus*, who by reason of age, sickness, a charge of small Children, losses by Sea or Fire, *&c.* was compell'd to imitate the disconsolate murmurs of the

the Turtle, and (being far beneath the ownership of a Couch) water'd his straw every night with tears; though he might not divide the spoyl with the Dogs, in sharing part of the crumbs that fell from the Rich Mans Table, shall be mounted up into *Abrahams Bosom* upon the Wings of glorious Spirits; when sottish, flint-hearted-*Dives*, shall not obtain with his earnest and vehement begging, the tip of a wet finger to cool his Tongue that was tormented in the flame, and perpetually frying in the bottomless Pit, that inexhaustible lake of Fire and Brimstone.

Charity is a comprehensive word, and like the *Mediterranean Sea*, acquires several names from the adjacent shores: *Mercy*, *Almes*, *Liberality*, *Beneficence*, all fall under that title, and may not unfitly be look'd upon as onely several degrees of heat, and alterations of the same inestimable Elixar. Let the Understanding say, There stands a deplorable Object; Mercy, from a cold Still, presently melts into a drop or two of Silver: If exquisite Education, and a perception that the vertue of money lies onely in its subserviency to commerce, and the mutual necessities of the Inhabitants of this terrestrial Globe; put a merciful disposition into a Limbeck, then this and the other Bag will be thought well spent in generous Hospitality; and *Sundayes*, *Tuesdayes* and *Thursdayes*, (provided the Cook-Maid be in a good mood) half a dozen of the poor of the Parish, may fill their Bellies after a fashion. But still here's the head of the *Crow*, a black sediment at the bottom; an Ox or two at *Christmas*, a feast now and then for Tenants, a dish extraordinary at command, to prevent the surprize of Acquaintance;

and

and then call me Niggard who dare. But when from being good in an humour, and doing good by fits; Vertue proceeds from single Acts to an Habit; from an Habit, to an Heroical Exaltation; a beam of the Sun of Righteousnes that arises with healing in his Wings infus'd, will produce the pure and unvaluable crimson Tincture; and make the Artist cry out, *I desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.* All the Income (though never so vast) will bear the Image and Superscription of the heavenly *Cæsar*; and every day yeilds precious opportunities of exchanging his *Jacobusses* and *Gynnyes* to the *New Jerusalem*; whose Street is pure Gold, and whose Gates are Pearls; where Rust cannot corrupt, nor Thieves break through, and steal.

But for my part, I shall neither usurp the Divines *Chair*, nor domineer in the Peripatetick *School*; this Meditation is ambitious of no higher preferment, then to be Usher to the Basket, and call aloud, *For Gods sake remember the Poor.* A Duty at all times seasonable; in this Huge Mortality, Clamerously urgent. *The Poor you have alwayes with you*; but never had a more amazing Argument to frequent the Offertory, to give the Overseers measure prest down, and running over. *Augusta est Charitas ad Leges vincta*; A Parochial Tax, A Monthly Collection, adde the Free-will Offerings of here and there a Star of the first, second, and third Magnitude, (whose Names let History convey to the Temple of Honour, and there Engrave in a Marble Column;) all conjoyn'd, are too narrow, and too weak Emplaisters to be applyed to all the Plague-Sores (that deserve Commisera-

miſeration, and want the ordinary means of Cure) in the 130 Pariſhes of *London*, and many Country-Towns, and Villages; unleſs the Phyſitian wanted no more chargeable Drugs, than the Royal Prophet *Iſaiahs lump of Figs*.

Skin for skin, and all a man hath will he give for his Life; was the ſharpeſt Tooth, and ſtrongeſt Paw, where with the Roaring Lyon *Satan*, aſſaulted the Integrity of *Job*. *Ventum erat ad Triarios*; the Devil was driven to his laſt charge, when he fell on ſo furiouſly. But though ſo many hundreds have drunk the dregs of the Lords Wrath, (as to the temporal Vial) and that City which was lately the Joy and Delight of the whole Nation, is turn'd into a kinde of *Golgotha*, and like dejected *Rachel*, ſits with diſhevel'd Hair, weeping, and mourning, and will not be comforted becauſe her Children are not; Yet, *Ille meos oculos comprimat, Ille tuos*; It were a Cordial to the gaſping Patient, if a diſcreet Friend might draw his Will; this dear Son, or Daughter, or the other Affectionate Kinſman might cloſe his Eyes, and pulling the Curtains cloſe, Modeſtly hide the deformities of a ruin'd Cottage, from impertinent Curioſity. But, *Hinc ille Lachrymæ!* Infected perſons can't expect Viſiters; and the ſpur of Fear hurries away Neighbours (of any Quality) ſo faſt, that before they come to their rural Sanctuaries, they have ſcarce leaſure to afford the kindneſs of *Lots* Wife to *Sodom*, a pitiful Retroſpection.

The greateſt cruelty the Poet could brand a Tyrant with, was,

Mortua---- jungebat Corpora vivis.
Quick ty'd to Dead, were hurl'd to seek their Graves,
To Neptunes *Executioners, the Waves.*

Not the Tyranny, but merciful Wisdom of Authority, concludes it necessary to shut up the whole Family; not onely the Sick, but the Well; for, *Latet anguis in Herba*, all flesh is grass, and be it never so green, the Constitution strong, and florid, yet in a few dayes the sting of Contagion may wound under the fifth Rib; the Throat may rattle, the Pulse cease, and Dust return to Dust. Nor may they which seem in Health be permitted to straggle, lest the raging Disease should Rob in the open Street, and Kings Highway; justles be Fatal, salutations Deadly. It is remarqued concerning *Holland*, that 'tis a kinde of a Courtesie for the Poor to be put in Prison, because the rich Creditors are bound to provide for them. But in many cases there's no Justice in that, for Laziness, and Brandy might contract, and a restless Importunity extort the Debt. But, *Actus Dei nemini facit Injuria*; without dispute they ought to be carefully provided for, that lose Liberty; (the darling of Sublunary enjoyments, and Favourite of the Law;) and are made Prisoners by the angry dispensation of God; and not by their own Idleness, and Debauchery.

We are beholden to the *Fleet*, for *Fleta*. To the *Tower*, for an Incomparable History. And *Newgate* it self, in our unhappy

Sir *Walter Rawley*.
Judge Jenkins.

Civil

Civil War, could cry out, Ἄνθρωπε μὴ κτεῖνε Κρόνον: Neither the Laws written by the Finger of God in Tables of Stone, nor those of *England*, (which may challenge a modest Eternity *ex parte ante*, as having their Original hid like the Head of *Nilus*, in the folds of Antiquity;) will allow Subjects to take up Arms against their King.

The Soul may *Æthereas volitare per Auras*, take the fresh Aire, and like the *Bee* suck Hony out of variety of Classick Authors; when the Body is confin'd, and like a Tennis-Ball toss'd from Hazard to Hazard, in a Solitary Walk, from this, to the opposite Wall, of a Dark, Pittiful Chamber: But how can they who have the Pestilence for their Goaler, alleviate the pressures of an unhappy Condition by a sweet Thought, or brisker Meditation? They sit like *Niobe* turn'd to Stones; or if great Grief can speak, it is in *Jeremiahs* Dialect; *Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by*, (To your Country-houses, and are no more heard of till the Tempest be over?) *behold and see if there be any sorrow, like unto my sorrow; which is done unto Me; wherewith the Lord hath afflicted Me in the day of his fierce Anger?* Lam. 1. 12.

Burning is the Punishment of great and heynous Malefactors; and yet that's the Epithite of a common Feaver. If the dismal Ingredient of prevailing Venom be added to the Trophy of a less observable Cholerick Putrefaction, the Meazles, and Small-Pox (borrowing the Future tence from *Elishas* curse,) make a *Gehazi*; a Leper, from the Crown of the Head, to the Sole of the Foot; and 'tis well if at last he escapes alive from the Pot-sheards, and the Dung-hil.

A more Rampant Malignity generates the Spotted-Feaver. But if the Pale Horse of Death rushes more outragiously into the Battle, and tramples upon his Thousands, and ten Thousands, then the *Plague*, (that *Attila* of Diseases) harases City, and Country; and *Michael* the Angel of Vengeance (in spight of the *Rabbins* Proverb) has two Wings, as well as *Gabriel*; and strikes whole Legions, *cum Flagello Domini*, with the Scorpions of incensed Justice; Imprinting Botches under the Ears, and about the Neck; Blains of a Straw-colour, and Brownish Blew; fiery and corroding Carbuncles; Party-colour'd spots on the Breast, Back, *&c.* All which may be termed not onely *Ingravescentis Morbi*, *sed Peccatorum Indices*; not onely the symptoms of a Spreading and Depopulating Plague, but the Tokens of Indignation upon a stiff-necked, and stubborn Generation; whom odious and unnatural Broyls could not terrifie from the superfluity of Naughtiness; nor the Olive-branch of Peace, and a return from Captivity allure to a Spiritual (well if to a Vocal) *Te Deum Laudamus.*

But let us Rent our Hearts, and not our Garments; acknowledge our Transgressions, and set our Iniquities before us; doubtless we that have cumbred the Ground long, (though Glory be to God on High, we are not yet cut down) are as great sinners as those buried under the Rubbish of this Tower of *Shilo*. Let *Phinehas* execute Judgement, that the Plague may be staid. Let the Priest cry mightily betwixt the Temple, and the Altar; and the peoples amendment say *Amen* Let the Rich Scribe and Pharisee bring their Talents; the middle sort their Shekels, the

poor

poor Widow her two Mites, to provide Bread and Triacle; Meat and Medicine; Peſt-houſes, and Keepers; and all other Materials which may ſerve Religiouſly to Exorciſe the Spirit of Deſperation out of thoſe whom the deplorable Mortality have inforc'd to want Doctor, Apothecary, Chirurgeon, *&c.* or another *Lues Epidemica*, an Univerſal deadneſs of Trading, has put into the Furnace of Affliction; and made like *Narciſſus* in *Tacitus*, *Certa ſibi pernicies, ſeu Britannicus rerum, ſeu Nero potiretur*; Fore-ſeeing approaching deſtruction to them, and their Families, if not by the Plague, yet by Famine; *Surgunt indocti & cœlum rapiunt, cum nos cum Doctrina noſtra mergimur in Gehennam.* The unlearned practical Chriſtian takes Heaven by violence, whilſt the ſpeculative Maſter in *Iſrael*, with all his *Quidlibets*, and *Quodlibets* of a dead Faith, is plung'd into Hell.

Thoſe *Heathen*, that were deſervedly Renown'd in their ſeveral Ages, for Improving the Light of Nature to a ſevere vertuous Life, ſhall find the Day of Judgement an eaſier-to-be entreated and propitious Audit, then the Prophane, Diſſolute, or Scraping, penurious Profeſſors of the Doctrine of the Holy Jeſus; who will not be perſwaded to work out their Salvation with Fear, and Trembling; Although they may have a Light to their Feet, and a Lanthorn to their Paths, the glad Tidings of the Goſpel; which ſhines clearly, and beautifies every corner of our *Horizon.* This made *Cyrus* the *Perſians* Death-bed ſoft, and ſtufft his pillow with Down; I have been Merciful, and Munificent, caſt continually a good

Aſpect,

Aſpect, and made it my buſineſs to benefit, and contrive the felicity of all Regions under my Influence; and now I expect to finde favour, and receive my Dividend of his Loving-kindneſs; who is a great God, from whom Men challenge their Original, and Mercy flows in a deep Channel, and perpetually refreſhing Streams. *O ſi hoc eſſet pugnare!* O how happy might we count our ſelves if this were to fight! hum'd out the ſleepy Souldier, inamour'd of his Neſt; ſtretching his hands over his head, and opening his eyes by halves. *Balaam*, an Inchanter, wiſh'd that he might die the death of the Righteous, and that his laſt end might be like his. (He durſt not curſe *Iſrael*, and in thoſe dayes 'twas not the faſhion to curſe themſelves) But not a ſyllable fell from him expreſſing an inclination (not ſo much as a whimſical Velleity) to live the Life of the Righteous. But notwithſtanding the *Aſs* was ſmitten three times, yet ſhe deſerv'd better of her Maſter, then either that ſon of *Beor*, or any of the ſons of *Belial* do of their God; *For though ſhe turn'd aſide out of the way, cruſh'd his foot againſt a Wall, and at laſt fell under him*; yet ſhe has a far better Apologie for her ſelf, then the preſumptuous ſinner; *Numb.* 22. 30. *Am not I thine Aſs?* A dutiful acknowledgment of property; *Upon which thou haſt ridden ever ſince I was thine unto this day*; A frequent ſervice, and probably for a conſiderable part of the Life of that ſhort-liv'd *Animal*; *Was I ever wont to do ſo unto thee?* 'Twas a rare contingent, a ſingle inſtance, no incorrigible fault, no inveterate Jadiſhneſs; *And he ſaid, Nay.* A great truth ſure, that anger had not the face to deny. If God be God, then ſerve him,

him; ſet reſolutely upon the whole duty of Man. Open your hands wide unto the poor and needy. *Thou ſhalt do no murder.* No, why then does *Abels* bloud ſume up into the third Heaven, and ſue an Appeal againſt malicious execrable *Cain? Homo Homini Deus*, is no repeal'd Statute, though vanity and ſordidneſs wave the Reading upon it. *Am I my Brothers keeper?* This froward and contumacious Anſwer was given; But trace the Dialogue a little further, God had no ſooner examin'd the cauſe, and pronounc'd, *Curſed art thou from the Earth*; But the Murtherer makes this rueful Reflection, *My puniſhment is greater then I can bear.*

Forum nactus ſylvam ſuam, Teſtem mortuum, Apparitorem Umbram, Carnificem Culpam, Judicem Deum: London is the Shire-houſe, thoſe who die for default of ſeaſonable Adminiſtrations Witneſſes, Conſcience the Accuſer, God the Judge, the Devil the Executioner.

Semper ego Auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam? Shall I hear Sermon after Sermon, and not make my life the practice of Piety?

Turn over Volumes of Devotion, and not be converted? Walk through Hoſpitals, and never merit the truly Honourable ſtyle of a Beneſactor? Make my Cheſt ſweat, whilſt the Poor quake for cold? My ſin, and luxury Hydropick, while the indigent ſtarve? Wallow in the complacency of Honour and Riches, when my Saviours ſide is pierced through with a ſpear? His forgotten and deſpiſed Members cry out, O my head, my head! My heart, my heart! And pine, and languiſh, and die. God is not mocked:

and

and God forbid but that we ſhould be able immediately to digeſt the ſincere Milk of the Word, S. *Jam.* 1. 27. *Pure Religion and undefiled before God, even the Father, is this; To viſit the Fatherleſs, and Widdows in their Afflictions, and to keep himſelf unſpotted from the World.* And then, *Procul hinc, procul ite Prophani!* I am none of your Tribe, ye *Nimrods*, ye mighty Hunters, and Unſatiable Birds of prey! And *Nabal*, I magnanimouſly defie you, in the words of the ſame Apoſtle, *Chap.* 2. *v.* 18. *Yea, a man may ſay, Thou haſt Faith, and I have Works; Shew me thy Faith without thy Works, and I will ſhew thee my Faith by my Works.*

FINIS.

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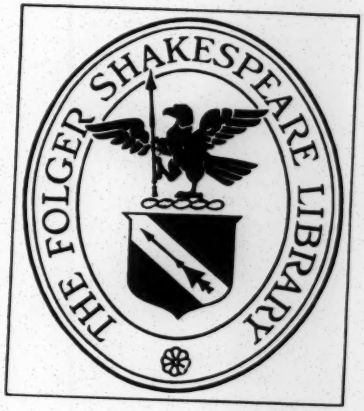

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